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PSI FORCE™

STALKER GOES BERSERK! WILL PSI-FORCE BE ABLE TO STOP HIM?

new universe

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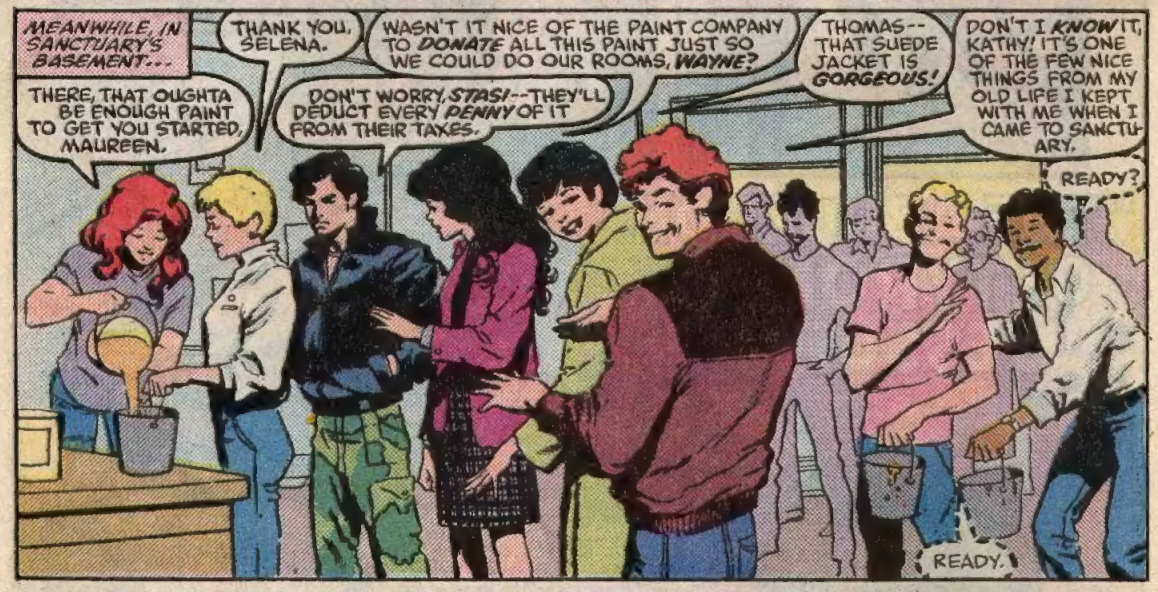
Scanned by Toker The Kid

LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN SOME SORT'A TRANCE--JUST LIKE OUR ORDERS SAID HE'D BE.
COME ON--LET'S DO IT.


MEANWHILE, IN SANCTUARY'S BASEMENT...
THERE, THAT OUGHTA BE ENOUGH PAINT TO GET YOU STARTED, MAUREEN.
THANK YOU, SELENA.
WASN'T IT NICE OF THE PAINT COMPANY TO DONATE ALL THIS PAINT JUST SO WE COULD DO OUR ROOMS, WAYNE?
DON'T WORRY, STAS!--THEY'LL DEDUCT EVERY PENNY OF IT FROM THEIR TAXES.
THOMAS--THAT SUEDE JACKET IS GORGEOUS!
DON'T I KNOW IT, KATHY! IT'S ONE OF THE FEW NICE THINGS FROM MY OLD LIFE I KEPT WITH ME WHEN I CAME TO SANCTUARY.
READY?
READY.

YOU JERK--YOU KNOCKED MY PAINT OVER!
PERFECT SHOT.
OH, GEE, I'M SUCH A CLUMSY OX!
CAN I AIM 'EM OR WHAT?!

YOU RUINED MY JACKET!
RUINED IT!
HEY, BOYD--IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! CALM DOWN!

ACCIDENT!? I'LL SHOW YOU AN ACCIDENT!
OWWW!
WHAT'RE YA DOIN' TO ME?! STOP--STOP!!
NO! STARTING TO USE MY ENERGY-LEACHING POWER!

GOT TO STOP BEFORE SOMEBODY REALIZES WHAT I'M DOING!
GET AWAY FROM ME, CREEP!

NEXT TIME, YOU'LL GET MORE THAN SOME PRESSURE POINT MASSAGE--
-- BUT I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT PROBLEMS NOW--LIKE TRYING TO CLEAN MY JACKET.

THAT IDIOT THOMAS--USING HIS PSY-POWER IN PUBLIC LIKE THAT.
DON'T BE SO HARD ON HIM, WAYNE. I DON'T THINK HE MEANT TO.
COME ON--LET'S GO TALK TO HIM...!

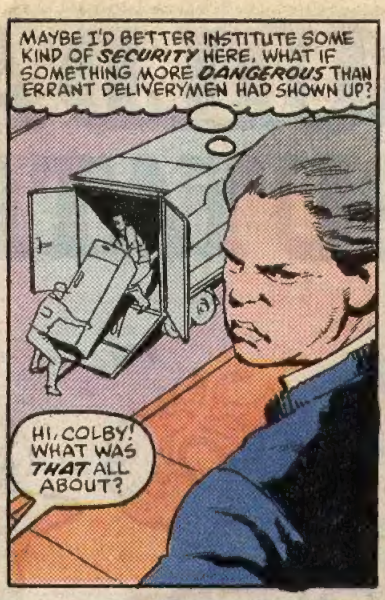
AND SOON, IN KATHY AND STASI'S ROOM, AS THE FIVE TEEN-AGERS PREPARE THE ROOM FOR PAINTING...
I--I'M SORRY, GUYS. I KNOW I SHOULDN'T'VE USED MY POWER--BUT IT WAS A REFLEX.
I'M JUST SO NERVOUS ALL THE TIME, WONDERING IF AND WHEN WE'LL BE ATTACKED.
BOY, THIS JACKET IS A TOTAL LOSS...!

I KNOW THAT EDGY FEELING, THOMAS. ME, STASI, KATHY, TY-- AND *MIKE*, WHEN HE WAS HERE-- WE'VE ALL BEEN LIVING WITH IT FOR MORE THAN A *YEAR* NOW.

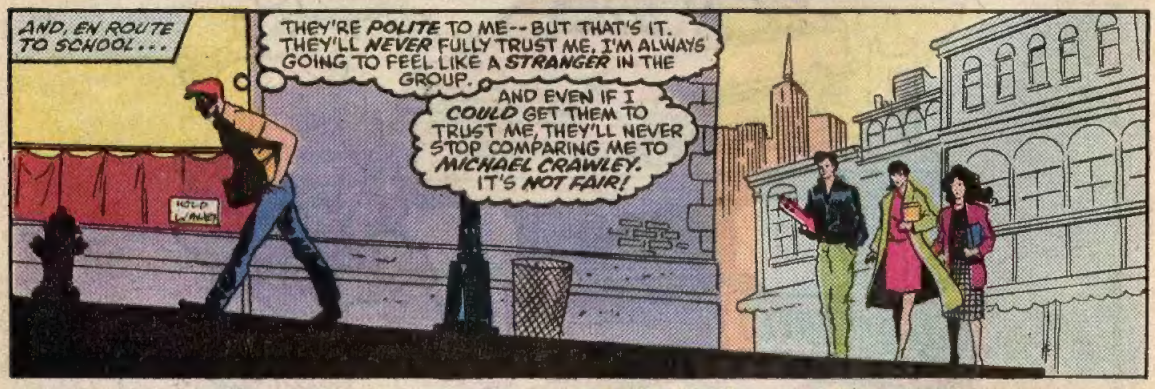
THE IMPORTANT THING, THOMAS, IS THAT YOU *DID* CATCH YOURSELF IN TIME, AFTER ALL...

...THE FIVE OF US HAVE *ALL* GOT OUR OWN WEIRD PSIONIC POWERS WHICH WE'VE GOT TO KEEP SECRET, AND THERE ISN'T *ONE* OF US WHO HASN'T ACCIDENTALLY LET LOOSE WITH THEM AT THE WRONG TIME.

WHILE, ON SANCTUARY'S FRONT STAIRS...
WE RADIOED OUR BOSS, AND YOU'RE RIGHT, MS. SHAW. WE *DO* HAVE THE WRONG HOUSE.
OF COURSE YOU DO. THE KIDS HERE CAN'T AFFORD A *SNO-CONE* MUCH LESS A DELUXE REFRIGERATOR.


MAYBE I'D BETTER INSTITUTE SOME KIND OF *SECURITY* HERE. WHAT IF SOMETHING MORE *DANGEROUS* THAN ERRANT DELIVERYMEN HAD SHOWN UP?
HI, COLBY! WHAT WAS *THAT* ALL ABOUT?

GOOD MORNING, KIDS. THAT? OH, NOTHING.
WE *DID* IT, MAX!
NOTHIN' *TO* IT, CHARLIE.

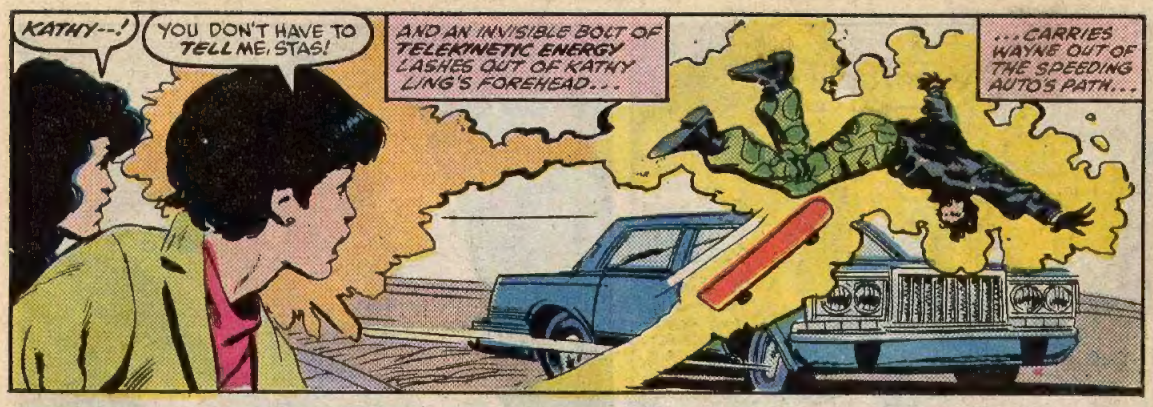

AND, EN ROUTE TO SCHOOL...
THEY'RE *POLITE* TO ME--BUT THAT'S IT. THEY'LL *NEVER* FULLY TRUST ME. I'M ALWAYS GOING TO FEEL LIKE A *STRANGER* IN THE GROUP.
AND EVEN IF I *COULD* GET THEM TO TRUST ME, THEY'LL NEVER STOP COMPARING ME TO *MICHAEL CRAWLEY*. IT'S *NOT FAIR!*

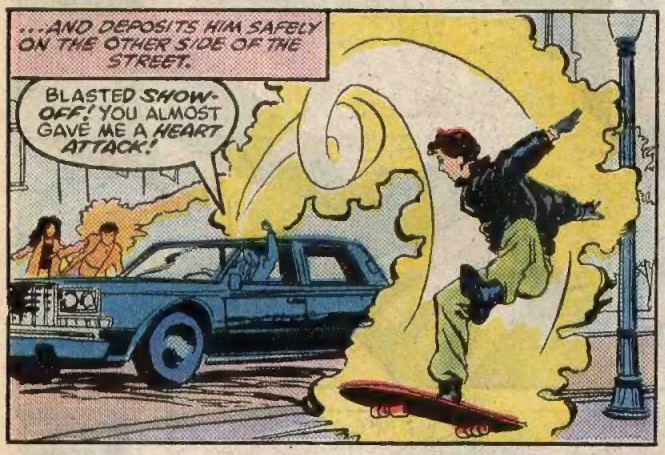
IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT THAT THE FIVE OF THEM USED TO BE A UNIT THAT COULD SUMMON UP THAT WEIRD *PSI-HAWK* CREATURE TO HELP THEM OUT OF TOUGH SPOTS. AND THAT *I* WAS ABLE TO HELP SUMMON HIM, TOO.
IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT THAT, WHEN THE SIX OF US FORMED THE HAWK TO SAVE US FROM MY EX-BOSS'S ASSASSINS--

"--THE HAWK WENT *BERSERK!*
"IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT HE LOST ALL HIS USUAL RATIONALITY AND BEGAN *DESTROYING* EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.
"IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT WHEN WE REALIZED HE COULD ONLY FUNCTION SAFELY IF HE WAS FORMED BY *FIVE* OR LESS OF US--

"--MIKE DECIDED HE HAD TO BE 'MATURE'--TAKE CHARGE OF THINGS. SO THE KID LEFT--AND USED HIS *EXPLOSIVE POWER* TO MAKE *SURE* NO ONE WOULD FOLLOW HIM.
"IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT THAT MIKE LEFT SO THE REST OF THE GROUP--*INCLUDING ME*--COULD BE SAFE.

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN GET THEM TO FORGET CRAWLEY AND ACCEPT ME--
WHOA--!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE FASTER THAN THAT TO SURPRISE ME, PHIL!
BASKET!
NICE ONE, THOMAS!
I'VE GOT A LIFE STARTING TO COME TOGETHER NOW.
HIYA, GINA!
HI, CUTIE!
FRIENDS...GIRLFRIENDS...! IF THEY GET MIKE BACK-- THEY'LL MAKE ME LEAVE. I KNOW IT.
WATCH THIS-- I'VE BEEN PRACTICING!
SO THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE BEEN DURING CLASS.
YOU KNOW, I'M GETTING TO SORT OF LIKE THIS THOMAS GUY, DESPITE WHAT HE USED TO BE.
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM IF MIKE ACTUALLY COMES BACK?
THEN WE'LL ALL HAVE TO SIT DOWN AND COME TO A DECISION-- AND NOT LET ONE OF US DO SOME STUPID "HEROIC" THING.
WHO KNOWS? MAYBE WE'LL EVEN BE ABLE TO GET SOME ANSWERS FROM PSI-HAWK THAT WILL ENABLE US ALL TO STAY.
ANSWERS? FROM HIM? LOTS OF LUCK!
BUT, HEY, MAYBE I'LL SPLIT IF MIKE COMES BACK. I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' TO GET OUT ON MY OWN!
IT'S NOT FAIR! WHAT KIND OF STUPID RULE IS IT THAT WE SHOULD BE OKAY WITH FIVE IN THE GROUP BUT NOT SIX?
WHO SAID LIFE WAS FAIR?
NO! THAT CAN--
YEEEOWW--!
THAT KID-- FLYIN' OUT OF NOWHERE--
I CAN'T STOP IN TIME--!


KATHY--!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME, STAS!
AND AN INVISIBLE BOLT OF TELEKINETIC ENERGY LASHES OUT OF KATHY LING'S FOREHEAD...
...CARRIES WAYNE OUT OF THE SPEEDING AUTO'S PATH...

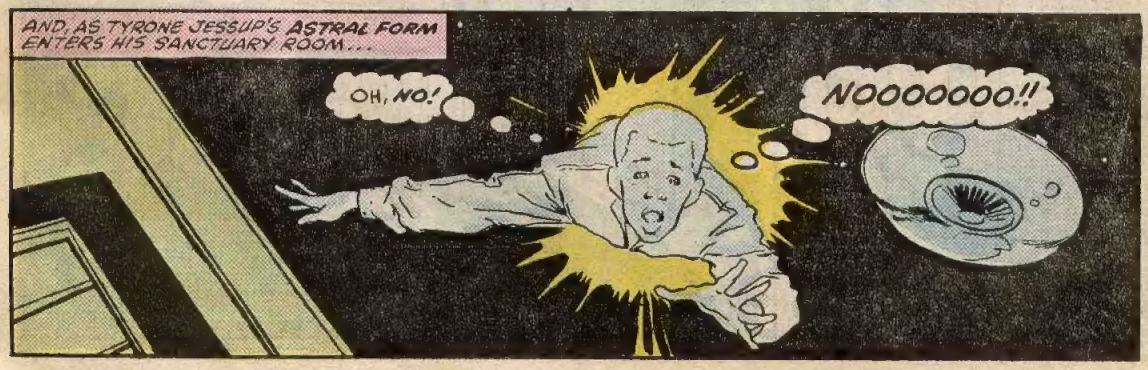

...AND DEPOSITS HIM SAFELY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET.
BLASTED SHOW-OFF! YOU ALMOST GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK!

TH-THANKS, KATHY. I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA BE A BIG SPLAT ON THAT GUY'S WINDSHIELD.
NO PROBLEM. I DIDN'T WANT TO SOLVE OUR SIX VERSUS FIVE PROBLEMS THAT WAY!

A LITTLE LATER, IN THE SKIES ABOVE SANCTUARY...
THE COAST LOOKS CLEAR...
SO IT'S TIME FOR ME TO...

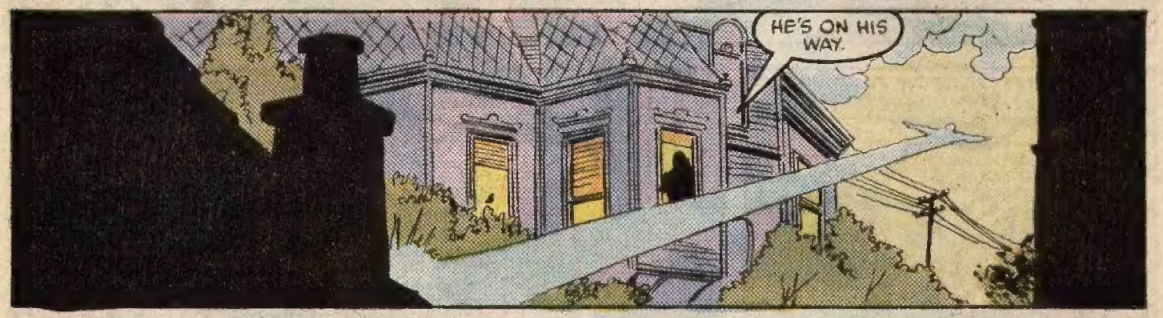
...COME HOME!
BUT THE COAST, ALAS, WAS NOT CLEAR.

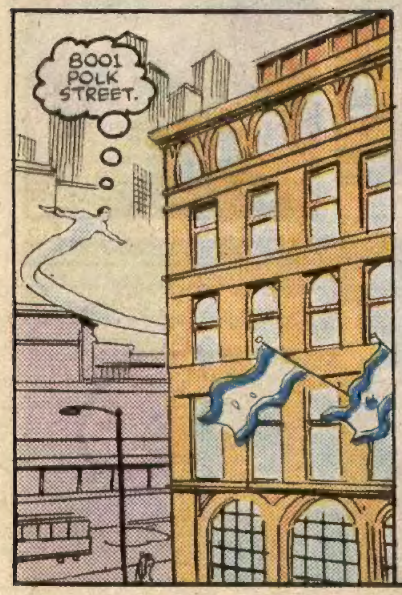
AND, SECONDS LATER...
HE'S BACK.

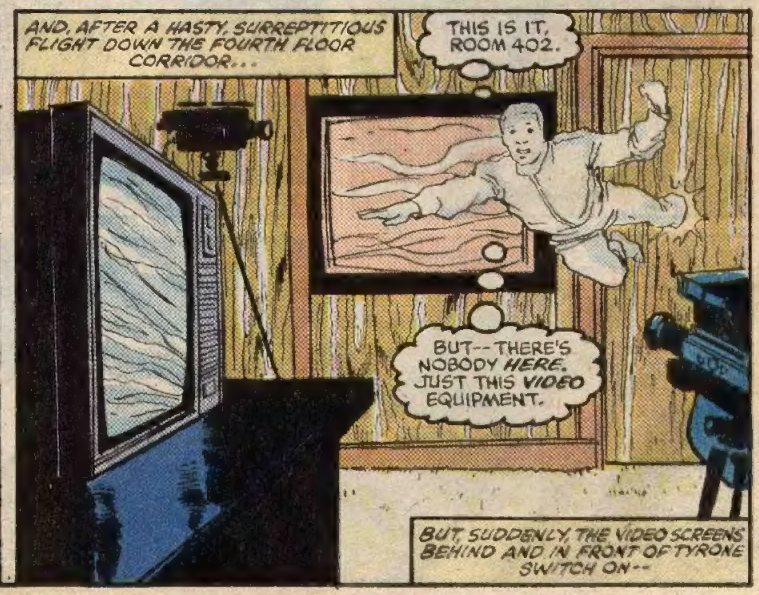

AND, AS TYRONE JESSUP'S ASTRAL FORM ENTERS HIS SANCTUARY ROOM...
OH, NO!
NOOOOOOO!!

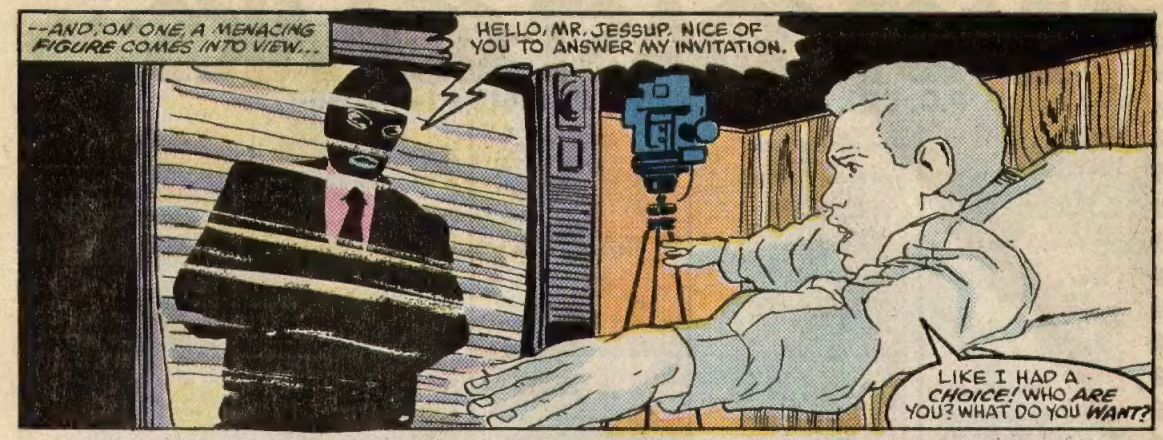
IT'S GONE--!
I'M GONE!
DON'T PANIC, TYRONE. MAYBE YOUR FRIENDS HAD TO HIDE YOUR BODY OR SOMETH--
A NOTE-- PINNED TO THE PILLOW!

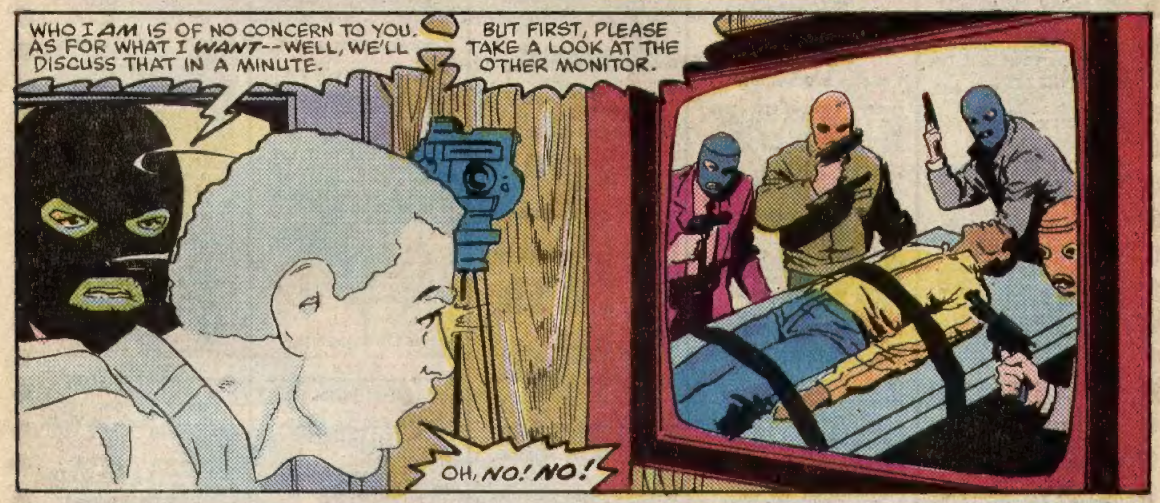
"MR. JESSUP: LOSE SOMETHING? WANT TO GET IT BACK? COME TO 8001 POLK STREET, ROOM 402. ALONE."


HE'S ON HIS WAY.


8001 POLK STREET.

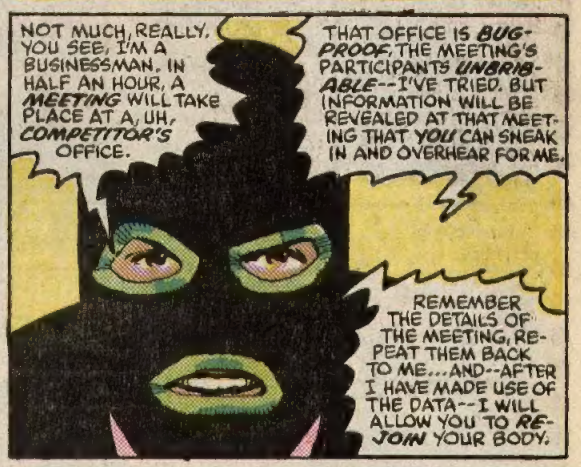

AND, AFTER A HASTY, SURREPTITIOUS FLIGHT DOWN THE FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR...
THIS IS IT, ROOM 402.
BUT-- THERE'S NOBODY HERE. JUST THIS VIDEO EQUIPMENT.
BUT, SUDDENLY, THE VIDEO SCREENS BEHIND AND IN FRONT OF TYRONE SWITCH ON--

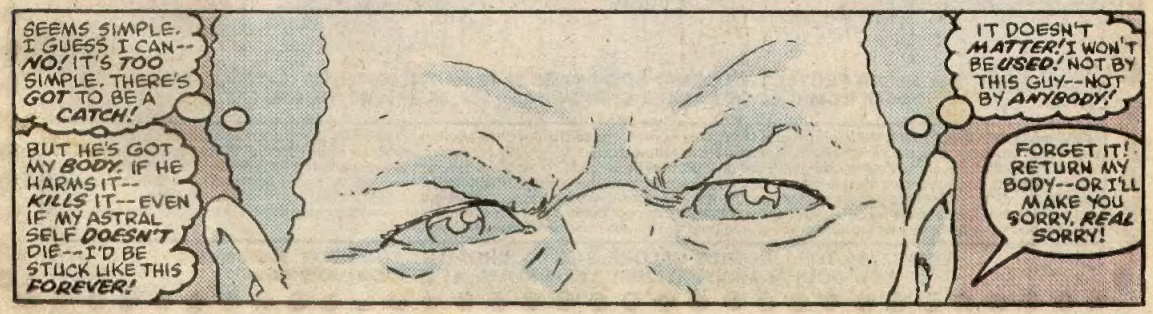

--AND, ON ONE, A MENACING FIGURE COMES INTO VIEW...
HELLO, MR. JESSUP. NICE OF YOU TO ANSWER MY INVITATION.
LIKE I HAD A CHOICE! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

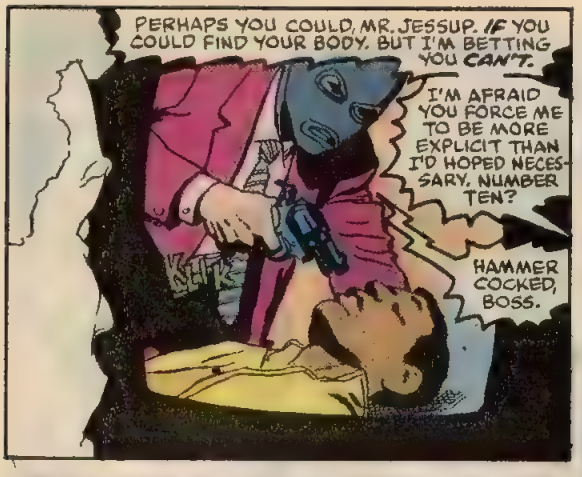

WHO I AM IS OF NO CONCERN TO YOU. AS FOR WHAT I WANT--WELL, WE'LL DISCUSS THAT IN A MINUTE.
BUT FIRST, PLEASE TAKE A LOOK AT THE OTHER MONITOR.
OH, NO! NO!

SO YOU UNDERSTAND, I HOPE, THAT YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO TURN DOWN ANY REQUEST I MAKE OF YOU.

WHAT REQUEST?! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!


NOT MUCH, REALLY. YOU SEE, I'M A BUSINESSMAN. IN HALF AN HOUR, A MEETING WILL TAKE PLACE AT A, UH, COMPETITOR'S OFFICE.
THAT OFFICE IS BUGPROOF. THE MEETING'S PARTICIPANTS UNBRIBABLE--I'VE TRIED. BUT INFORMATION WILL BE REVEALED AT THAT MEETING THAT YOU CAN SNEAK IN AND OVERHEAR FOR ME.
REMEMBER THE DETAILS OF THE MEETING, REPEAT THEM BACK TO ME...AND--AFTER I HAVE MADE USE OF THE DATA--I WILL ALLOW YOU TO REJOIN YOUR BODY.

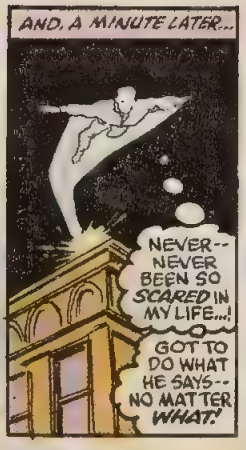

SEEMS SIMPLE. I GUESS I CAN--NO! IT'S TOO SIMPLE. THERE'S GOT TO BE A CATCH!
BUT HE'S GOT MY BODY. IF HE HARMS IT--KILLS IT--EVEN IF MY ASTRAL SELF DOESN'T DIE--I'D BE STUCK LIKE THIS FOREVER!
IT DOESN'T MATTER! I WON'T BE USED! NOT BY THIS GUY--NOT BY ANYBODY!
FORGET IT! RETURN MY BODY--OR I'LL MAKE YOU SORRY. REAL SORRY!

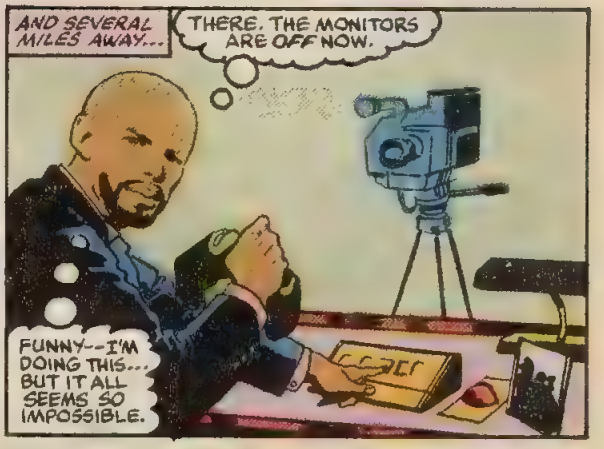

PERHAPS YOU COULD, MR. JESSUP. IF YOU COULD FIND YOUR BODY. BUT I'M BETTING YOU CAN'T.
I'M AFRAID YOU FORCE ME TO BE MORE EXPLICIT THAN I'D HOPED NECESSARY, NUMBER TEN?
HAMMER COCKED, BOSS.

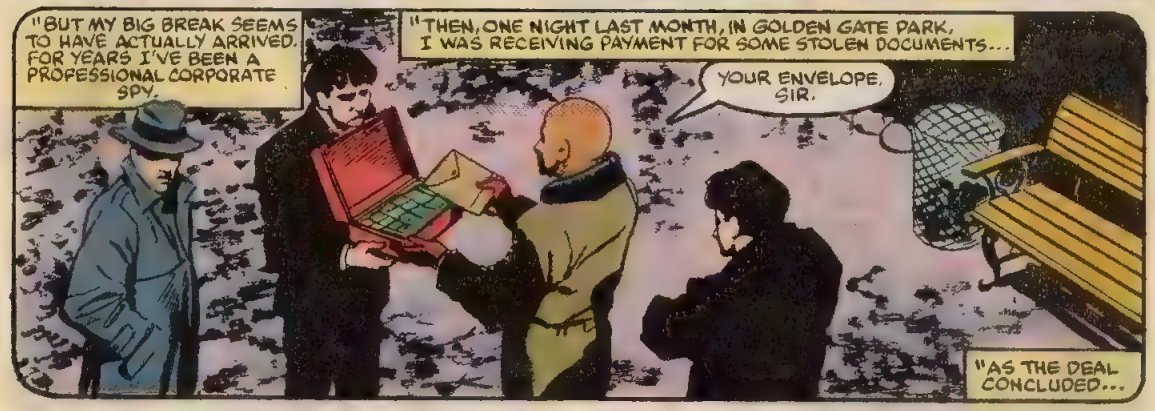
FIRE!
NOOOOOO!!!
CLACK!

NOOOOO! NOOOOO! NOOOOO!!!
NEXT TIME, MR. JESSUP, THE CHAMBER WILL NOT BE EMPTY.
WILL YOU ACCEPT MY PROPOSITION?
YES, SIR.

GOOD. HERE IS WHERE YOU MUST GO...


AND, A MINUTE LATER...
NEVER-- NEVER BEEN SO SCARED IN MY LIFE...!
GOT TO DO WHAT HE SAYS-- NO MATTER WHAT!


AND SEVERAL MILES AWAY...
THERE. THE MONITORS ARE OFF NOW.
FUNNY--I'M DOING THIS... BUT IT ALL SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE.


"BUT MY BIG BREAK SEEMS TO HAVE ACTUALLY ARRIVED. FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN A PROFESSIONAL CORPORATE SPY.
"THEN, ONE NIGHT LAST MONTH, IN GOLDEN GATE PARK, I WAS RECEIVING PAYMENT FOR SOME STOLEN DOCUMENTS...
YOUR ENVELOPE, SIR.
"AS THE DEAL CONCLUDED...

"...I LOOKED UP IN THE SKY--AND WAS STARTLED BY A *REMARKABLE* PHENOMENON.

"I BECAME OBSESSED. I HAD TO KNOW WHAT THIS 'GHOST' WAS.

"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I STATIONED MYSELF ATOP A TALL BUILDING NEAR THE PARK...

"UNTIL, AT LAST, I SAW THE 'GHOST' AGAIN. SAW IT DESCEND INTO THE 'DEVIL'S ACRE' NEIGHBORHOOD.

"THEN, FOR WEEKS I DROVE AROUND THE ACRE, AT ALL TIMES OF DAY AND NIGHT, UNTIL, AT LAST...

"...I SAW THE THING DESCEND INTO *SANCTUARY*."

I PHOTOGRAPHED THE "REAL" JESSUP AS HE LEFT THE PLACE, GOT OTHER KIDS FROM THE HOUSE TO TELL ME HIS NAME AND ROOM...

AND SET UP MRS. O'MALLEY IN THAT APARTMENT TO TELL ME OF HIS COMINGS AND GOINGS.

AND NOW, THIS VERY DAY, ALL MY WORK AND PLANNING WILL AT *LAST* PAY OFF.

MEANWHILE...

I'VE BEEN A *FOOL*, COMING AND GOING FROM SANCTUARY SO OFTEN TO LOOK FOR MIKE. I WAS SO INTENT ON *FINDING* HIM, I WASN'T AS *CAREFUL* AS I SHOULD'VE BEEN. I BET *THAT'S* WHEN HE SAW ME.

I NEED TO TALK TO MY *FRIENDS*--*THEY'LL* HELP ME FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO!

BUT, AT THE HIGH SCHOOL...

NO! KATHY'S CONCENTRATING ON HER *MATH EXAM*. SHE DOESN'T SEE ME. GOTTA SPLIT BEFORE SOMEONE *ELSE* DOES.

SOON...

COULDN'T MAKE CONTACT WITH WAYNE OR STASI, EITHER. BUT THERE'S THOMAS. COULD'VE *SWORN* HE SAW ME...! C'MON--LOOK UP.

THERE'S TYRONE--ALL *EXCITED*. I BET HE FOUND *MICHAEL* OR SOMETHING.

WELL, *I* DON'T WANT TO *KNOW* ABOUT IT. I'LL JUST *IGNORE* HIM.

AND, IN A DESERTED STAIRWAY...

THERE'S GOT TO BE *SOME* WAY I CAN GET THROUGH TO MY FRIENDS--

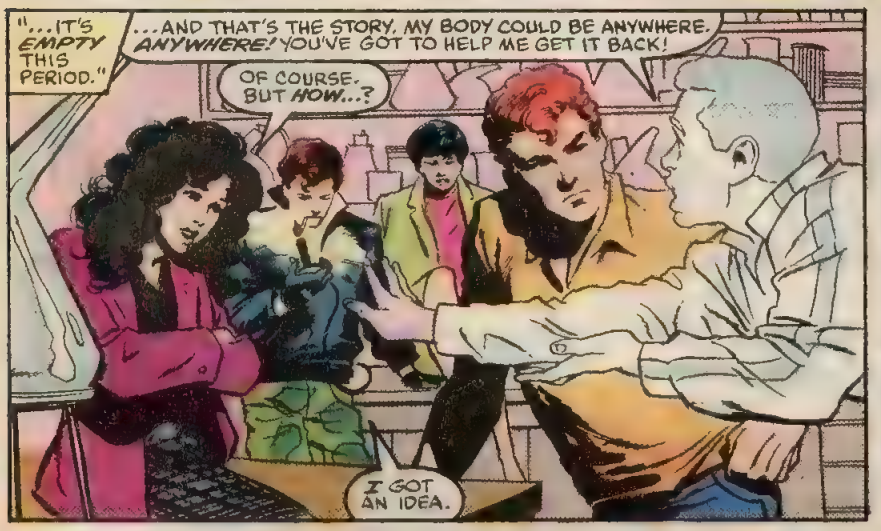
YEAH! OF COURSE!

SECONDS LATER...
HERE'S KATHY'S CLASS AGAIN...

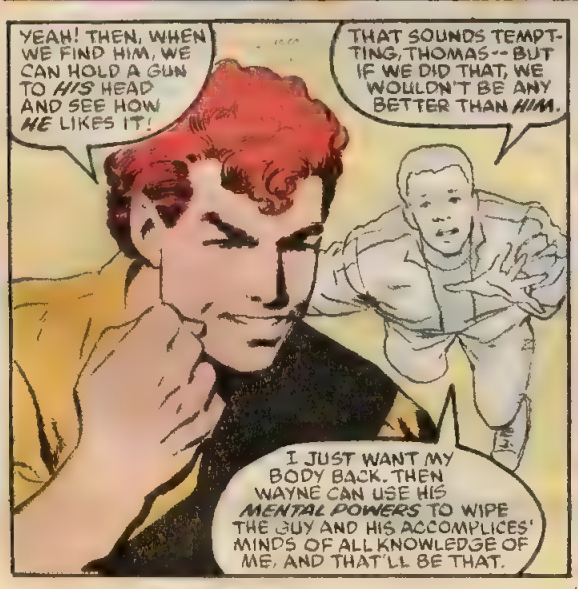
ATTENTION! KATHY LING PLEASE REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE!
THAT WEIRD VOICE--IT'S TYRONE'S ASTRAL VOICE!
MS. LING--YOU'D BETTER GO. YOU CAN TAKE A RE-TEST TOMORROW.

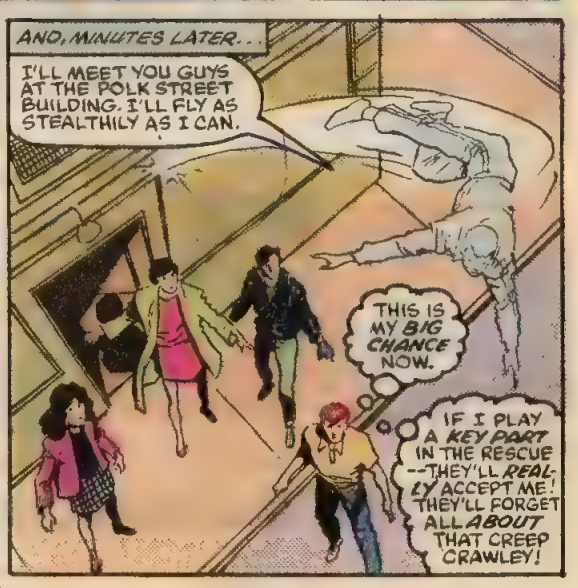
KATHY LING TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE PLEASE.
YEAH! HE'S LETTING HER GO

KATHY...GET THE OTHERS--AND MEET IN THE CHEM LAB IN THE BASEMENT...


"...IT'S EMPTY THIS PERIOD."
...AND THAT'S THE STORY. MY BODY COULD BE ANYWHERE. ANYWHERE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME GET IT BACK!
OF COURSE. BUT HOW...?
I GOT AN IDEA.

IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHO THAT OFFICE WITH THE CAMERAS IS RENTED TO--MAYBE THAT'LL BE THE GUY WHO ORDERED YOUR KIDNAPING.
IT WORTH A TRY!

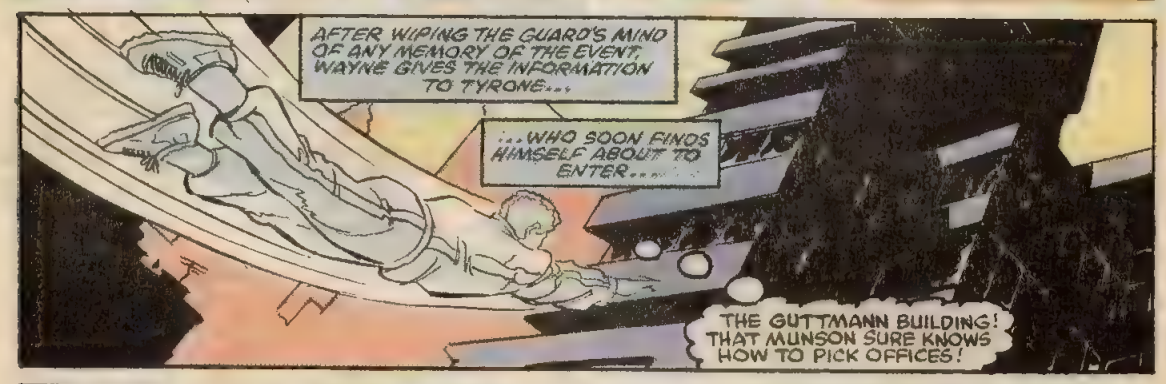

YEAH! THEN, WHEN WE FIND HIM, WE CAN HOLD A GUN TO HIS HEAD AND SEE HOW HE LIKES IT!
THAT SOUNDS TEMPTING, THOMAS--BUT IF WE DID THAT, WE WOULDN'T BE ANY BETTER THAN HIM.
I JUST WANT MY BODY BACK. THEN WAYNE CAN USE HIS MENTAL POWERS TO WIPE THE GUY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES' MINDS OF ALL KNOWLEDGE OF ME. AND THAT'LL BE THAT.

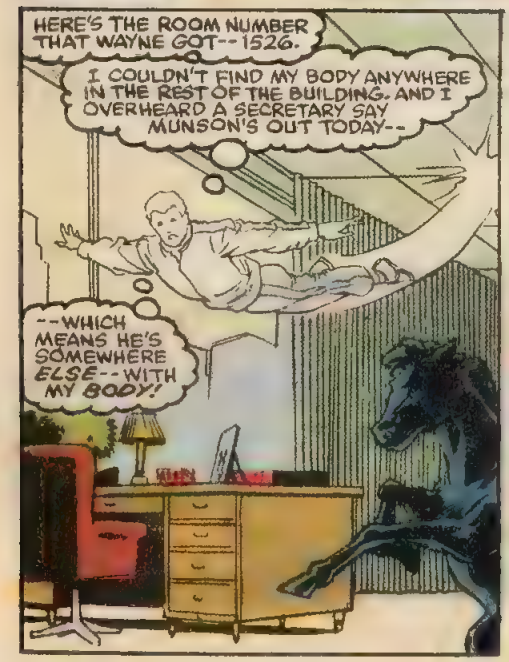

AND, MINUTES LATER...
I'LL MEET YOU GUYS AT THE POLK STREET BUILDING. I'LL FLY AS STEALTHILY AS I CAN.
THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE NOW.
IF I PLAY A KEY PART IN THE RESCUE--THEY'LL REALLY ACCEPT ME! THEY'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THAT CREEP CRAWLEY!

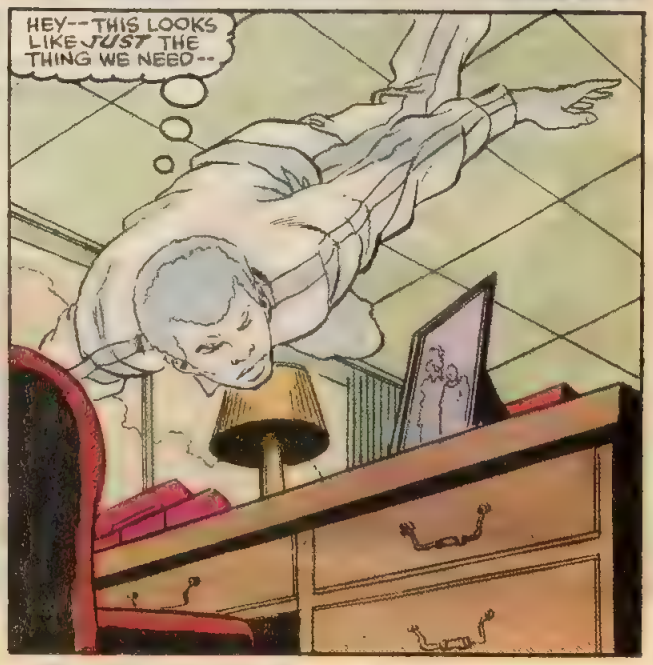
8001 POLK STREET.
TY JUST CHECKED THE ENTIRE BUILDING TO SEE IF HIS BODY'S ANYWHERE IN IT. IT ISN'T. NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DO MY THING.
OKAY, GUYS. WAIT OUT HERE.

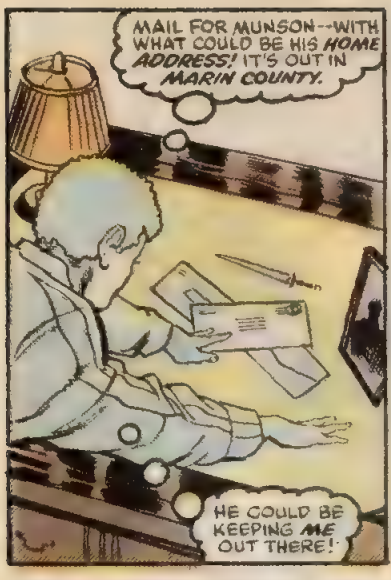
HELLO, SIR. I'M DOING A SURVEY FOR THE CITY. COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHO THE TENANT IN ROOM 402 IS?
SORRY, KID. IF THE TENANT DON'T PUT HIS NAME ON HIS DOOR, HE MUST HAVE A REASON. I CAN'T GIVE OUT THAT INFO.
OKAY, I TRIED IT THE NICE WAY.

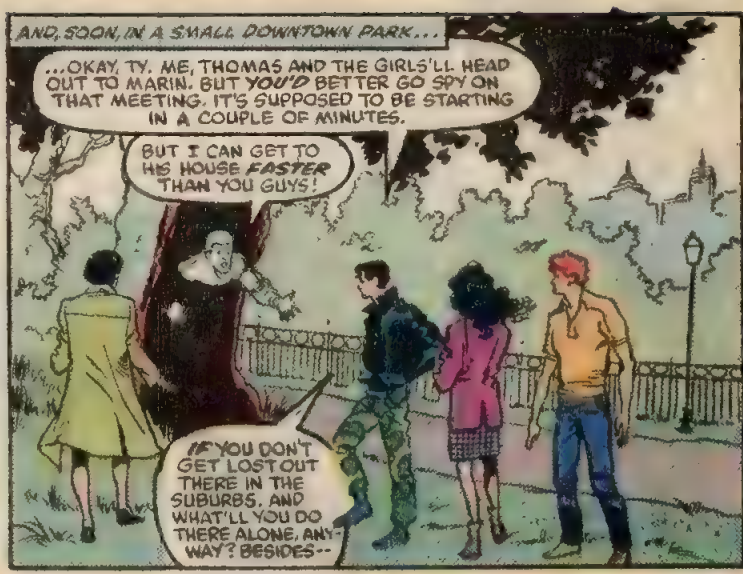
NOW I DO IT THE FUN WAY.
TELL ME THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE TENANT IN ROOM 402.
THE GUY'S NAME IS MUNSON, THEODORE MUNSON. HERE'S THE ADDRESS.

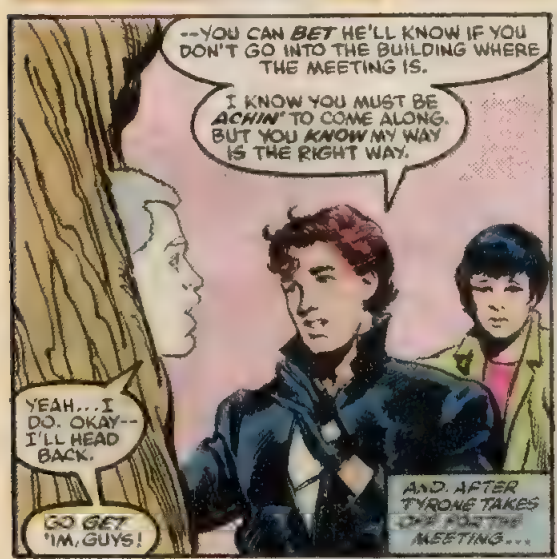

AFTER WIPING THE GUARD'S MIND OF ANY MEMORY OF THE EVENT, WAYNE GIVES THE INFORMATION TO TYRONE...
...WHO SOON FINDS HIMSELF ABOUT TO ENTER...
THE GUTTMANN BUILDING! THAT MUNSON SURE KNOWS HOW TO PICK OFFICES!

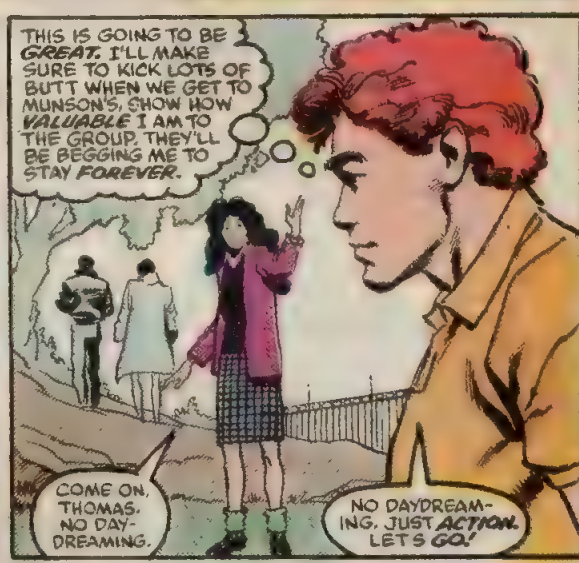

HERE'S THE ROOM NUMBER THAT WAYNE GOT--1526.
I COULDN'T FIND MY BODY ANYWHERE IN THE REST OF THE BUILDING. AND I OVERHEARD A SECRETARY SAY MUNSON'S OUT TODAY--
--WHICH MEANS HE'S SOMEWHERE ELSE--WITH MY BODY!


HEY--THIS LOOKS LIKE JUST THE THING WE NEED--

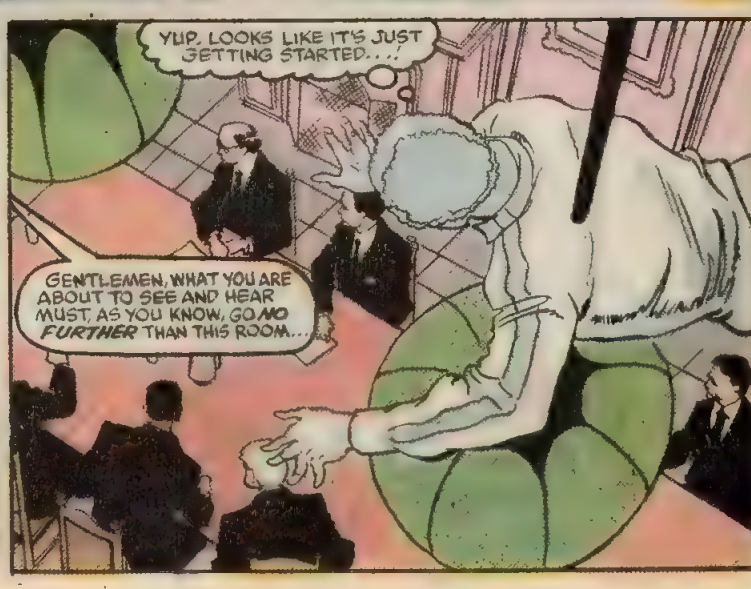

MAIL FOR MUNSON--WITH WHAT COULD BE HIS HOME ADDRESS! IT'S OUT IN MARIN COUNTY.
HE COULD BE KEEPING ME OUT THERE!

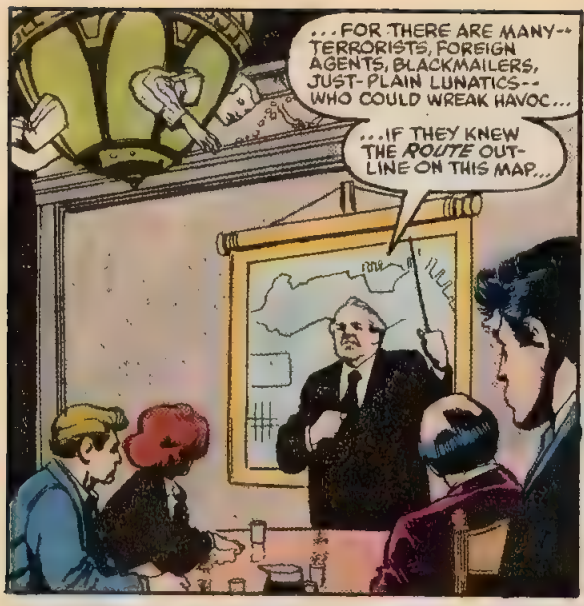

AND, SOON, IN A SMALL DOWNTOWN PARK...
...OKAY, TY. ME, THOMAS AND THE GIRLS'LL HEAD OUT TO MARIN. BUT YOU'D BETTER GO SPY ON THAT MEETING. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE STARTING IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES.
BUT I CAN GET TO HIS HOUSE FASTER THAN YOU GUYS!
IF YOU DON'T GET LOST OUT THERE IN THE SUBURBS, AND WHAT'LL YOU DO THERE ALONE, ANYWAY? BESIDES--

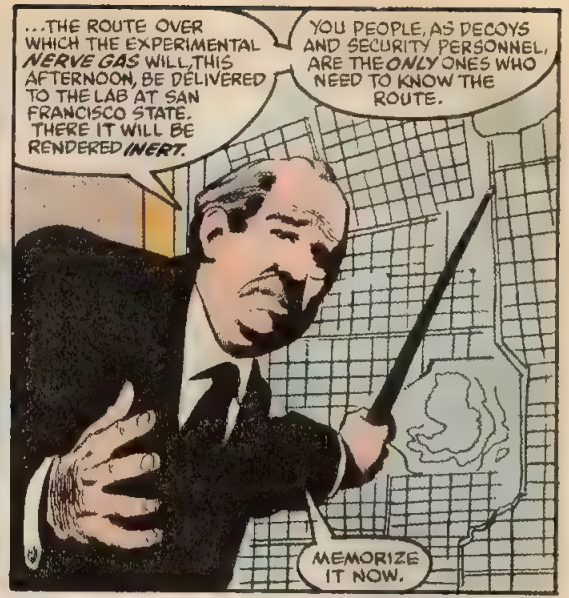

--YOU CAN BET HE'LL KNOW IF YOU DON'T GO INTO THE BUILDING WHERE THE MEETING IS.
I KNOW YOU MUST BE ACHIN' TO COME ALONG. BUT YOU KNOW MY WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY.
YEAH... I DO. OKAY-- I'LL HEAD BACK.
GO GET 'IM, GUYS!
AND, AFTER TYRONE TAKES OFF FOR THE MEETING...


THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT. I'LL MAKE SURE TO KICK LOTS OF BUTT WHEN WE GET TO MUNSON'S, SHOW HOW VALUABLE I AM TO THE GROUP. THEY'LL BE BEGGING ME TO STAY FOREVER.
COME ON, THOMAS. NO DAY-DREAMING.
NO DAYDREAMING. JUST ACTION. LET'S GO!

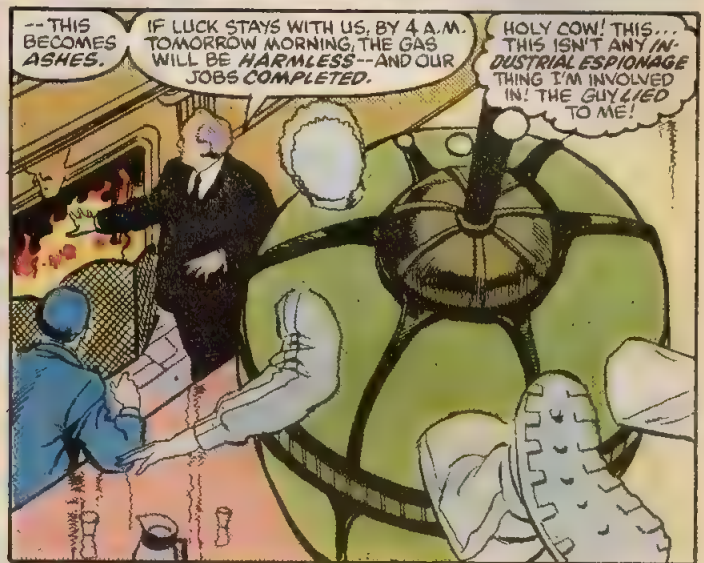
AND, AT YET A THIRD OFFICE BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO...
THE MEETING'S SUPPOSED TO BE ON THIS FLOOR...


YUP. LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST GETTING STARTED...!
GENTLEMEN, WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE AND HEAR MUST, AS YOU KNOW, GO NO FURTHER THAN THIS ROOM...

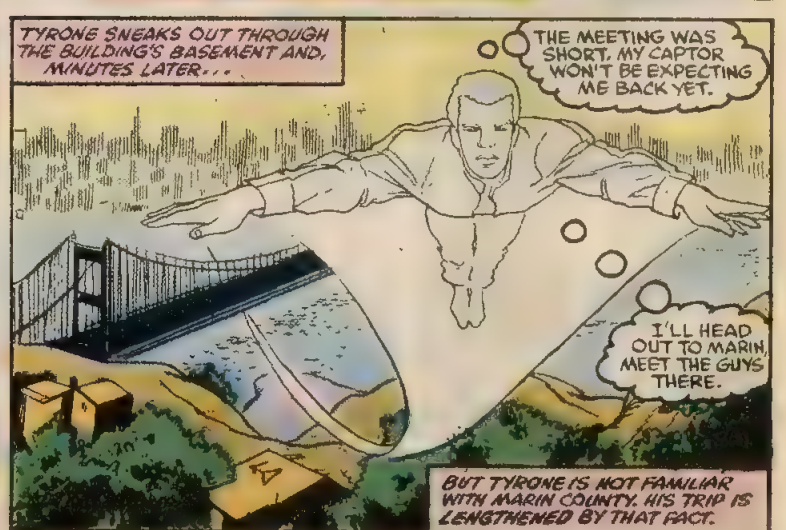

...FOR THERE ARE MANY-- TERRORISTS, FOREIGN AGENTS, BLACKMAILERS, JUST-PLAIN LUNATICS-- WHO COULD WREAK HAVOC...
...IF THEY KNEW THE ROUTE OUT-LINE ON THIS MAP...

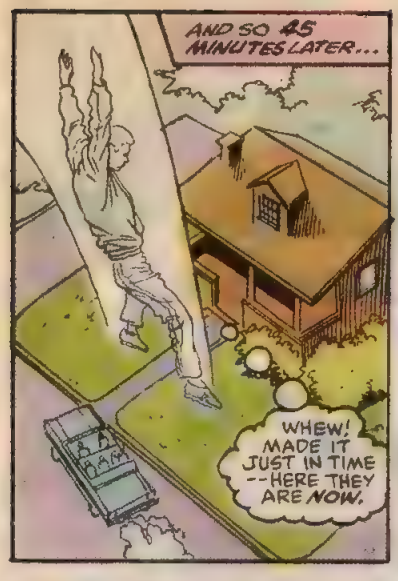

...THE ROUTE OVER WHICH THE EXPERIMENTAL NERVE GAS WILL, THIS AFTERNOON, BE DELIVERED TO THE LAB AT SAN FRANCISCO STATE. THERE IT WILL BE RENDERED INERT.
YOU PEOPLE, AS DECOYS AND SECURITY PERSONNEL, ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO NEED TO KNOW THE ROUTE.
MEMORIZE IT NOW.

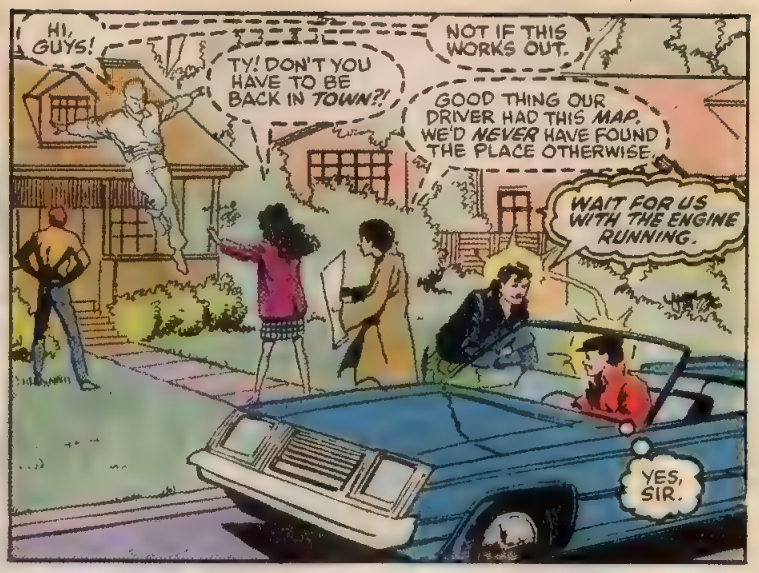
MINUTES LATER...
I TRUST YOU HAVE ALL LEARNED WHAT YOU MUST. AND SO--


--THIS BECOMES ASHES.
IF LUCK STAYS WITH US, BY 4 A.M. TOMORROW MORNING, THE GAS WILL BE HARMLESS--AND OUR JOBS COMPLETED.
HOLY COW! THIS... THIS ISN'T ANY INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE THING I'M INVOLVED IN! THE GUY LIED TO ME!

LIKE I'M SURPRISED, RIGHT? BUT WHAT DO I DO? I CAN'T LET 'IM HAVE THIS INFO!
MAYBE... MAYBE I CAN LIE TO HIM ABOUT THE MEETING. BY THE TIME HE KNOWS I DID, MY FRIENDS WILL HAVE FREED ME...
WON'T THEY...?

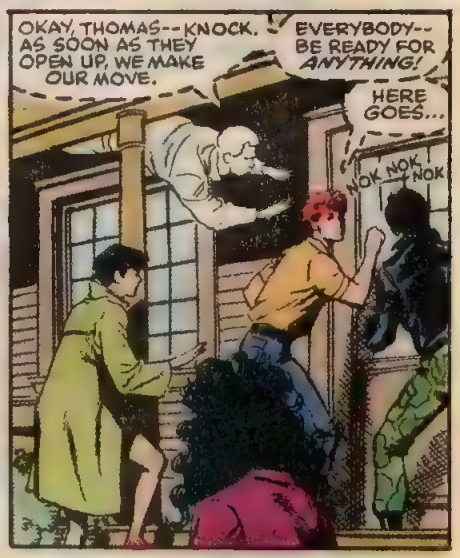

TYRONE SNEAKS OUT THROUGH THE BUILDING'S BASEMENT AND, MINUTES LATER...
THE MEETING WAS SHORT. MY CAPTOR WON'T BE EXPECTING ME BACK YET.
I'LL HEAD OUT TO MARIN, MEET THE GUYS THERE.
BUT TYRONE IS NOT FAMILIAR WITH MARIN COUNTY. HIS TRIP IS LENGTHENED BY THAT FACT.


AND SO 45 MINUTES LATER...
WHEW! MADE IT JUST IN TIME --HERE THEY ARE NOW.


HI, GUYS!
TY! DON'T YOU HAVE TO BE BACK IN TOWN?!
NOT IF THIS WORKS OUT.
GOOD THING OUR DRIVER HAD THIS MAP. WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THE PLACE OTHERWISE.
WAIT FOR US WITH THE ENGINE RUNNING.
YES, SIR.

WHILE...
THAT MEETING MUST BE OVER BY NOW. WHERE'S JESSUP?
IF HE'S TRYING TO CROSS ME...

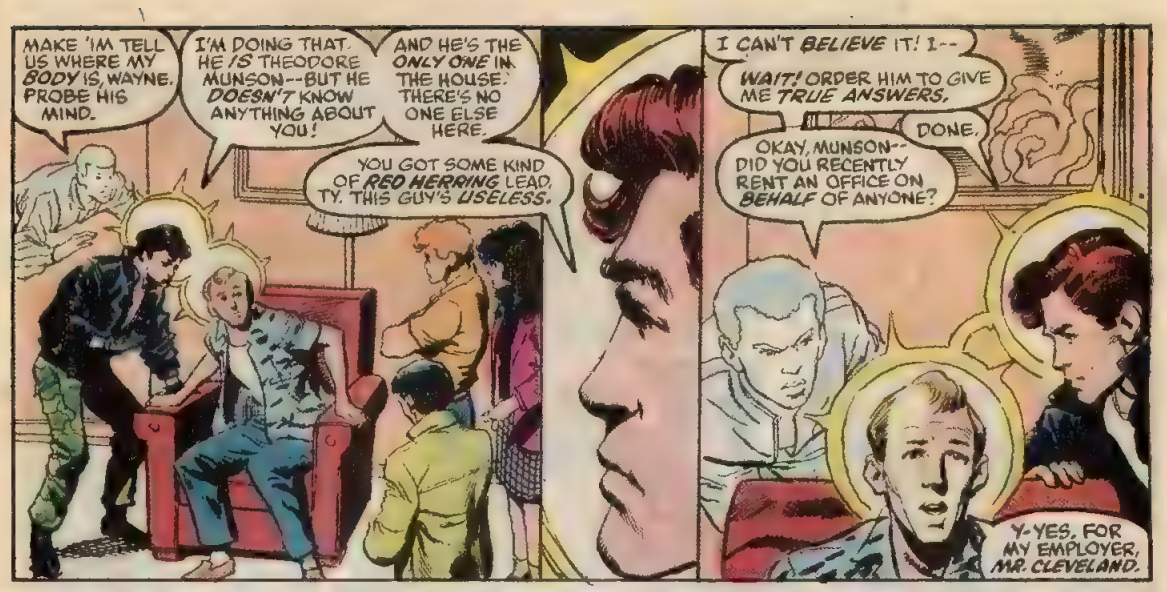
...HE WILL NOT LIVE TO REGRET IT.

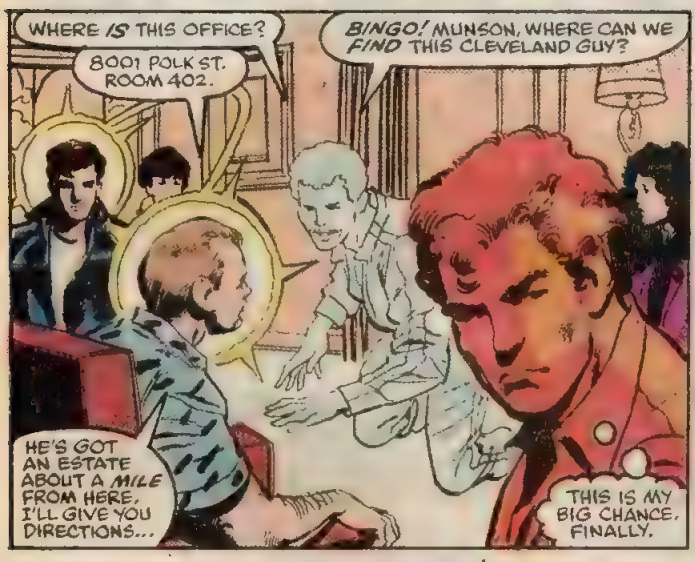

OKAY, THOMAS--KNOCK. AS SOON AS THEY OPEN UP, WE MAKE OUR MOVE.
EVERYBODY--BE READY FOR ANYTHING!
HERE GOES...
NOK NOK NOK

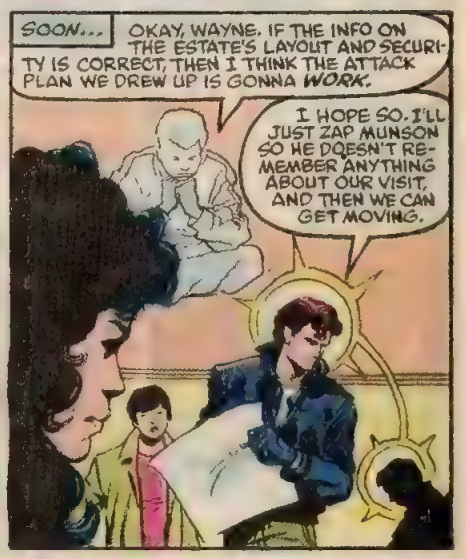
THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, AND...
Y-YES...?
THIS IS THE KIDNAPPER--?

HE--HE LOOKS LIKE SUCH A NOBODY!
ARE YOU MUNSON?
YES. I'M THEODORE MUNSON. WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?

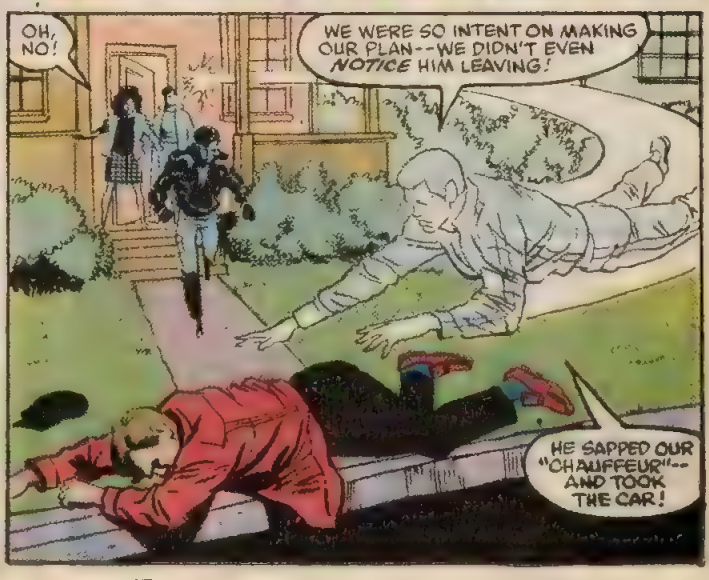
WHAT DO WE WANT? WE WANT TYRONE, MAN!
GIVE HIM OVER--OR I'LL MAKE DOGMEAT OUT OF YOU!
WH-WHAT--?

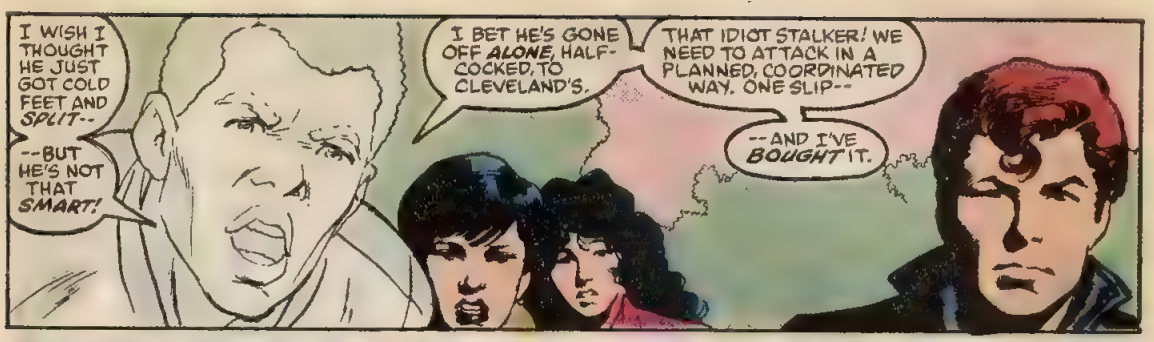

MAKE 'IM TELL US WHERE MY BODY IS, WAYNE. PROBE HIS MIND.
I'M DOING THAT. HE IS THEODORE MUNSON--BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOU!
AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE HOUSE. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE.
YOU GOT SOME KIND OF RED HERRING LEAD, TY. THIS GUY'S USELESS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I--
WAIT! ORDER HIM TO GIVE ME TRUE ANSWERS.
DONE.
OKAY, MUNSON--DID YOU RECENTLY RENT AN OFFICE ON BEHALF OF ANYONE?
Y-YES, FOR MY EMPLOYER, MR. CLEVELAND.


WHERE IS THIS OFFICE?
8001 POLK ST. ROOM 402.
BINGO! MUNSON, WHERE CAN WE FIND THIS CLEVELAND GUY?
HE'S GOT AN ESTATE ABOUT A MILE FROM HERE. I'LL GIVE YOU DIRECTIONS...
THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE, FINALLY.


SOON...
OKAY, WAYNE. IF THE INFO ON THE ESTATE'S LAYOUT AND SECURITY IS CORRECT, THEN I THINK THE ATTACK PLAN WE DREW UP IS GONNA WORK.
I HOPE SO. I'LL JUST ZAP MUNSON SO HE DOESN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT OUR VISIT, AND THEN WE CAN GET MOVING.

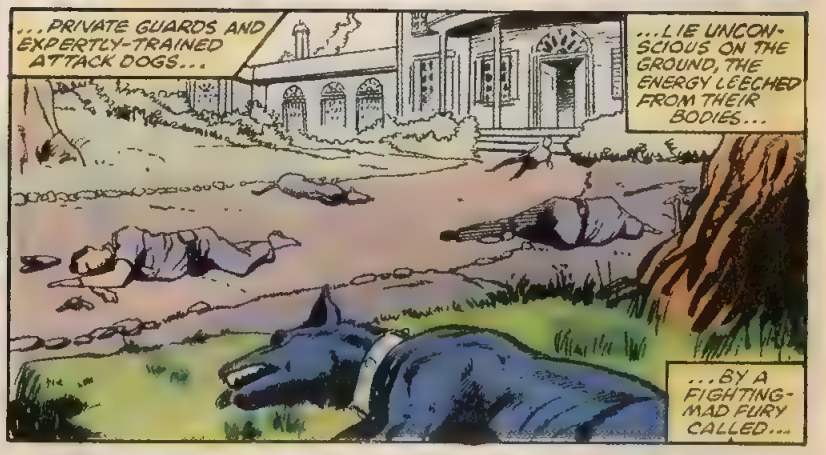
HEY--WHERE'S THOMAS?
LOOK! THE FRONT DOOR'S OPEN--!

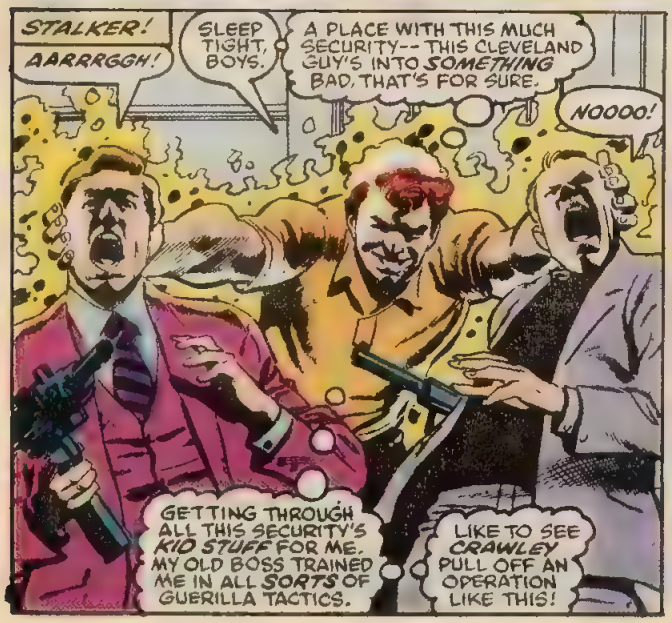

OH, NO!
WE WERE SO INTENT ON MAKING OUR PLAN--WE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE HIM LEAVING!
HE SAPPED OUR "CHAUFFEUR"--AND TOOK THE CAR!

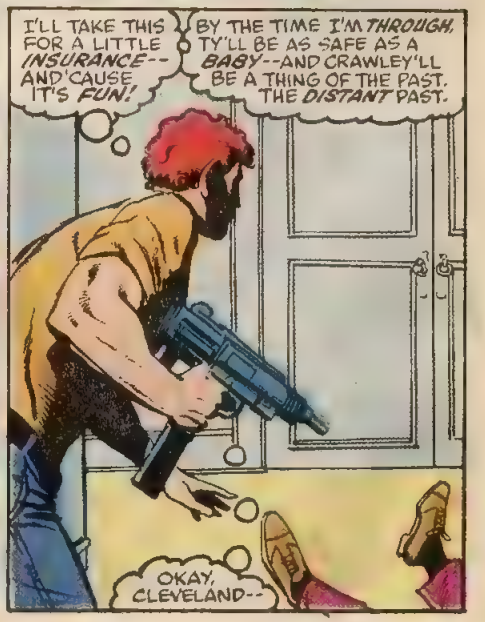

I WISH I THOUGHT HE JUST GOT COLD FEET AND SPLIT--
--BUT HE'S NOT THAT SMART!
I BET HE'S GONE OFF ALONE, HALF-COCKED, TO CLEVELAND'S.
THAT IDIOT STALKER! WE NEED TO ATTACK IN A PLANNED, COORDINATED WAY. ONE SLIP--
--AND I'VE BOUGHT IT.

FIVE MINUTES, JESSUP. IF YOU'RE NOT BACK BY THEN...
...I GIVE THE KILL ORDER.

AND, ON THE CLEVELAND ESTATE...


...PRIVATE GUARDS AND EXPERTLY-TRAINED ATTACK DOGS...
...LIE UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND, THE ENERGY LEECHED FROM THEIR BODIES...
...BY A FIGHTING-MAD FURY CALLED...

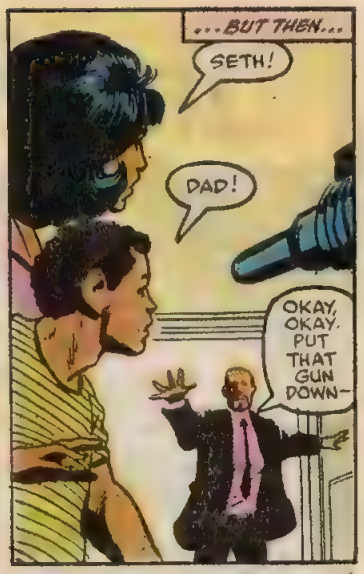

STALKER!
AARRRGGH!
SLEEP TIGHT, BOYS.
A PLACE WITH THIS MUCH SECURITY-- THIS CLEVELAND GUY'S INTO SOMETHING BAD, THAT'S FOR SURE.
NOOOO!
GETTING THROUGH ALL THIS SECURITY'S KID STUFF FOR ME. MY OLD BOSS TRAINED ME IN ALL SORTS OF GUERILLA TACTICS.
LIKE TO SEE CRAWLEY PULL OFF AN OPERATION LIKE THIS!


I'LL TAKE THIS FOR A LITTLE INSURANCE-- AND 'CAUSE IT'S FUN!
BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH, TY'LL BE AS SAFE AS A BABY--AND CRAWLEY'LL BE A THING OF THE PAST. THE DISTANT PAST.
OKAY, CLEVELAND--

IT'S SNOWTIME!
SURRENDER AND THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE. ALL I WANT IS--
...HUH...?
O-OKAY...
W-WE SURRENDER...
WH-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT--?
I WANT CLEVELAND. TELL ME WHERE HE IS OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEADS OFF.
D-DAD'S NOT HERE.
MY... MY HUSBAND'S AT HIS OFFICE.
CALL HIM.
D-DAD ...IT'S BILLY...
YOU GOT HIM?
GIVE ME THAT.
CLEVELAND. YOUR MEN ARE ALL BEATEN. I'VE GOT YOUR WIFE AND KID AT GUNPOINT. JUST LIKE YOU HAVE MY FRIEND.
BRING HIM TO YOUR HOME. NOW. OR THINGS GET MESSY.
I--I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES.
GOOD.
BOYD! WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING?
SAVING YOUR HIDE JESSUP! WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?

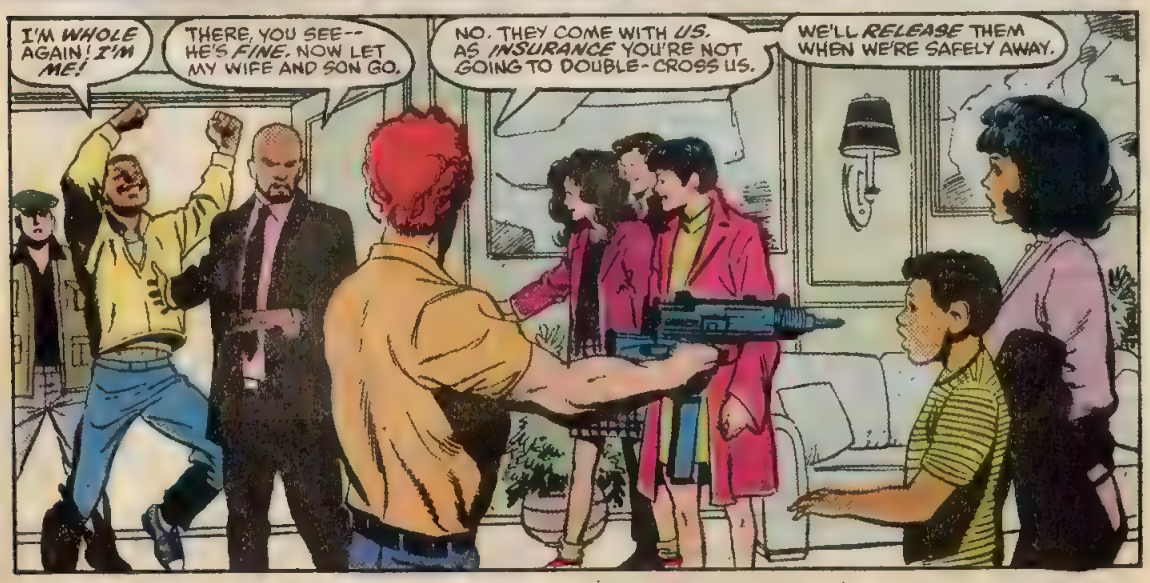
LOOKS LIKE YOU SUNK US TO CLEVELAND'S LEVEL.

SURE, GO AHEAD, TALK DOWN FROM YOUR HIGH HORSE. BUT I GOT RESULTS.
YOUR BODY'S ON THE WAY OVER RIGHT NOW.
THE ARGUMENT GOES ON FOR SEVERAL MINUTES...


...BUT THEN...
SETH!
DAD!
OKAY, OKAY. PUT THAT GUN DOWN--

--I'VE GOT YOUR FRIEND RIGHT HERE.

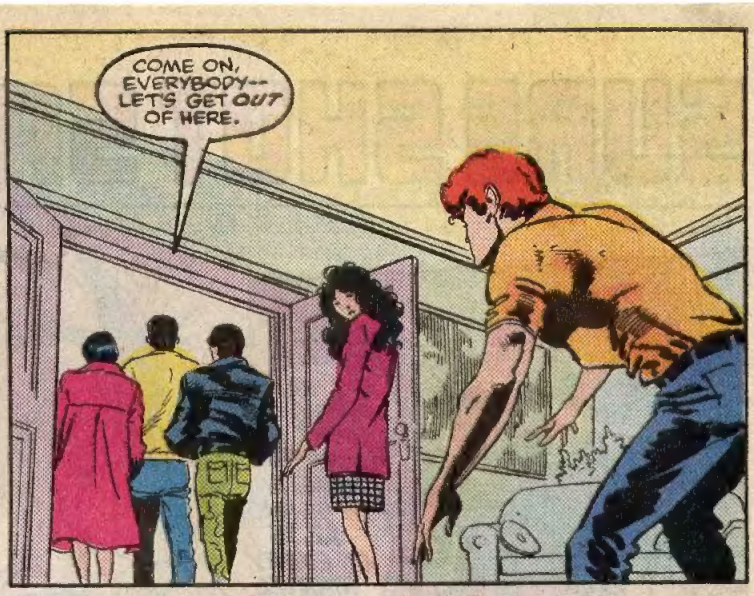
WELL--
--ALL--
--RIGHT!
I'M BACK!

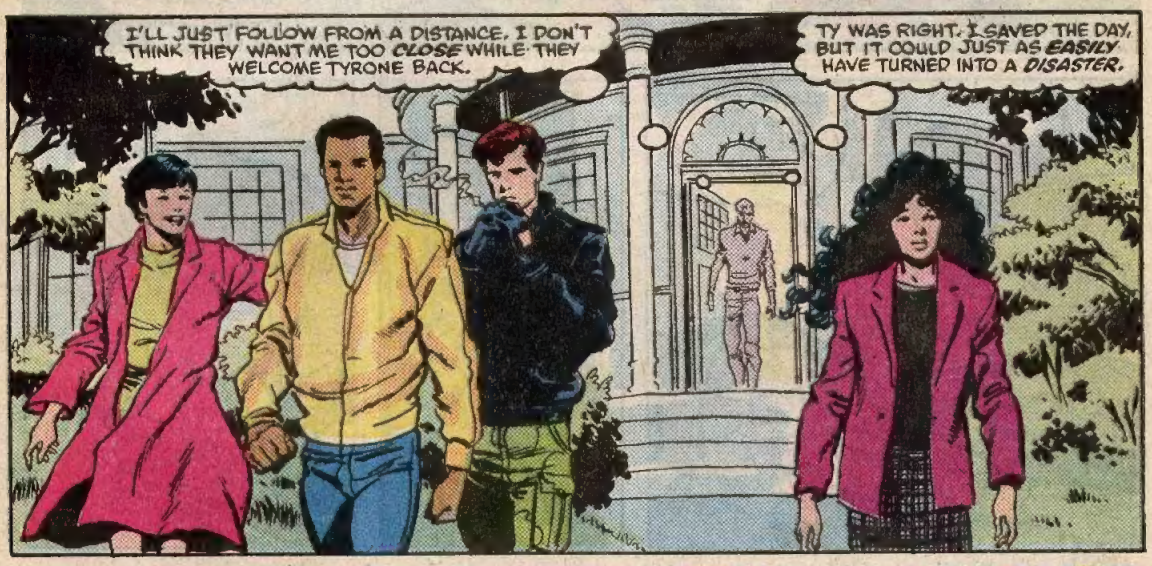

I'M WHOLE AGAIN! I'M ME!
THERE, YOU SEE-- HE'S FINE. NOW LET MY WIFE AND SON GO.
NO. THEY COME WITH US. AS INSURANCE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DOUBLE-CROSS US.
WE'LL RELEASE THEM WHEN WE'RE SAFELY AWAY.

NO! LET THEM GO NOW, BOYD.
DON'T BE A SAP, JESSUP. HOW DO WE KNOW HE WON'T TRY SOMETHING AS SOON AS WE RELEASE THEM?!
HE'S GOT A POINT. I'LL CHECK...
STALKER'S RIGHT--
--CLEVELAND BROUGHT TWO MORE GOONS WITH HIM! AND ACCORDING TO HIS THOUGHTS--
--THEY'RE RIGHT THERE!
COME ON OUT, CREEPS, DROP THE GUNS.
SURE THING.
YES, SIR.
OKAY, TIME TO FINISH THIS UP!
AND WAYNE TUCKER USES HIS INCREDIBLE TELEPATHIC ABILITIES TO WIPE THE MEMORY OF TY'S POWER AND TODAY'S EVENTS FROM THE MINDS OF CLEVELAND, HIS FAMILY, AND HIS EMPLOYEES...

AND PUT THEM ALL IN A TEMPORARY STATE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
SO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. I DID PRETTY GOOD, HUH, GUYS?
YOU WHAT--?!
YOU SLIME!
WHAMM!
YOU UNGRATEFUL JERK! NOBODY DOES THAT TO THOMAS BOYD! NOBODY!
AGGH-- LEECHING ME--
BUT I'M WISE TO YOUR TRICKS, BOYD! I WON'T LET YOU HOLD ME LONG ENOUGH TO HURT ME!
BWAK!
I TOLD YOU EARLIER TODAY--BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN, YOU EGOTISTICAL IDIOT! NOW I'M GONNA SAY IT AGAIN. GET THIS THROUGH YOUR FAT HEAD--
I HAD A GUN TO MY HEAD. I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE! BY DOING WHAT YOU DID--BY THREATENING THEM LIKE HE DID ME--YOU BECAME NO BETTER THAN CLEVELAND. RUTHLESS--INHUMAN!
WE'RE FIVE PEOPLE WITH INCREDIBLE ABILITIES. WE COULD'VE WORKED OUT A STRATEGY, COME HERE AS A TEAM--AND AVOIDED THE POSSIBILITY OF BLOODSHED.
BUT...NO ONE GOT HURT...
JUST LUCK. WHAT IF CLEVELAND CAME IN SHOOTING, OR MADE A SUDDEN MOVE AND YOU ACCIDENTALLY SHOT THE KID?!
I--I JUST WANTED TO DO THE RIGHT THING...SHOW YOU GUYS HOW HELPFUL I COULD BE TO THE GROUP...!

YOU'VE GOT A SCREWY WAY OF SHOWING IT, BOYD.
YOU MESSED UP. BAD.


COME ON, EVERYBODY-- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.


I'LL JUST FOLLOW FROM A DISTANCE. I DON'T THINK THEY WANT ME TOO CLOSE WHILE THEY WELCOME TYRONE BACK.
TY WAS RIGHT. I SAVED THE DAY, BUT IT COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE TURNED INTO A DISASTER.

I JUST WANTED THEM TO LIKE ME, TO ACCEPT ME...

...BUT I BLEW IT. THEY'LL NEVER TRUST ME NOW.

AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM?
NEXT: MICHAEL CRAWLEY VERSUS D.P.7!

universe news

Pro File on: JOANNE SPALDO

Assistant Editor on: *The New Universe books, D.P. 7, JUSTICE, PSI-FORCE, and STARBRAND*
My hobbies are: *Flirting, reading plays and poetry, and pretending to have talents I don't really have.*
My place of birth is: *New York City*
The oddest job I ever held outside the comics field is: *Working as an operator for a telephone fantasy service.*
My pet peeves are: *People who talk with their mouths full (like my boss Howard).*
My greatest accomplishment in life so far is: *Holding the record for being able to work with Carl Potts longer than any of his other assistant editors.*
My oddest habit is: *Chewing eight to twelve packs of bubble gum a day (Gimme a break, at least they're sugarless!).*

If they were making a movie of my life, I'd like to see my part played by: *Oprah Winfrey, of course!*
The reason I got into comics was: *To meet and hopefully marry the editor of my dreams.*

People who knew me in high school thought I was: *Naughty*
My favorite performers are: *The Marx Brothers, Woody Allen, David Bowie, and the Chippendale Dancers*
The last good book I read was: *THE HANDMAID'S TALE*
The last good movie I saw was: *ANIMAL CRACKERS*
The biggest influences on my life include: *Emily Dickinson, Billie Holliday, and F. Scott Fitzgerald*
The worst part of my job is: *Being forced to listen to my boss Howard make rude noises live and on compact disc.*
When nobody's looking I like to: *Model lingerie for my boss.*
The one thing I really want the world to know about me is: *I was only kidding about that last answer!*

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

WITH ALL OF THE PARANORMALS RUNNING AROUND, HOW LONG CAN THE NEW UNIVERSE REMAIN "THE WORLD OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW"?

"Up until the year of the White Event, the New Universe was the world outside your window. Nothing existed in it that didn't exist here. Since then, more and more fantastic things have been happening, but so far they've occurred on a small enough scale that the public at large is blissfully unaware of them. Midway through Year Two, however, something will happen which will rival the White Event in magnitude and will make the New Universe public painfully aware of all things paranormal. After that, the New Universe will never again be the world outside your window . . . unless you have very strange windows."

—Mark Gruenwald, D.P. 7 writer

new universe checklist

☐ D.P. 7 #14

☐ JUSTICE #14

☐ PSI-FORCE #14

ITEM: What with Two-Fisted *Tom* taking over Marvel's Edi[illegible] tion [illegible]

ITEM: This month we inaugurate a brand new feature on our Universe News page — a *clipping* culled from one of the many newspapers, magazines, and publications found in the New Universe. Selected to give you tantalizing glimpses of what the panting public of the New Universe knows about the events chronicled in our comic mags, these artful little artifacts should tickle your reality bone, to boot! Let us know what you think of 'em!

ITEM: And, speaking of other [illegible] may be interested to learn [illegible] *Stan* [illegible]

ITEM: Two of M[illegible]

ITEM: Now it can be told! Last week, New Universe editor *Howard Mackie*, D.P. 7 writer *Mark Gruenwald*, and Spitfire creator *Eliot R. Brown* traveled out of state to the stately estate of Starbrand writer/penciler *John Byrne*. The[illegible] plot the New [illegible]ature-length [illegible] one of the [illegible]s, maga[illegible]ons found [illegible] Selected [illegible]ng glimp[illegible]ng public [illegible]e knows [illegible]adia, you [illegible]ll' smiling [illegible]e recent [illegible]res tele[illegible]month in [illegible]ears in [illegible] want to

Parapsychology Today

No. 14 1987

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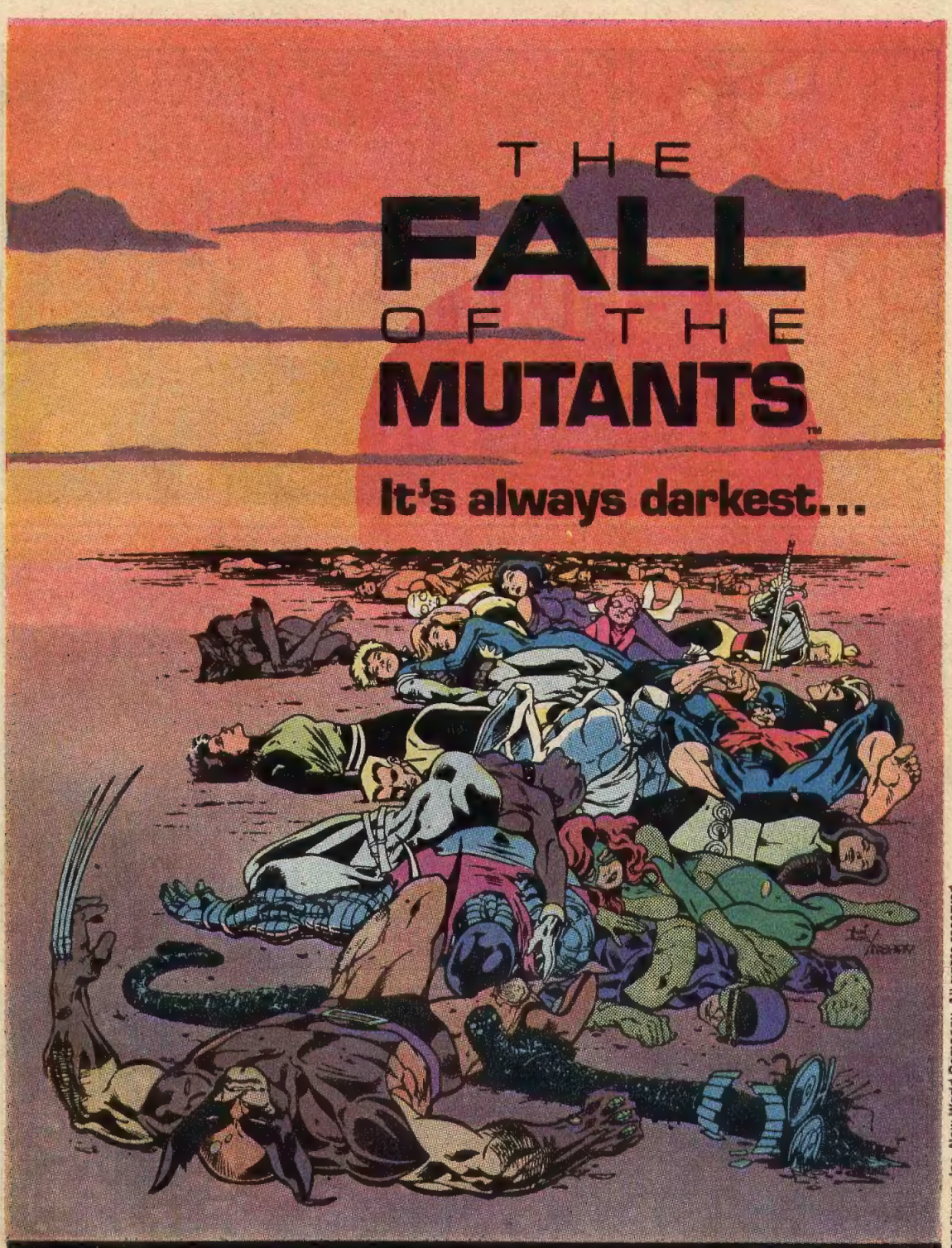

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